Don't Feed It, It'll Come Back

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/18712777.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Jack Crawford, Alana Bloom, random sous chef, Will's Dogs (mentioned)
Additional Tags:	UHHHHH hey im really gay so part 2, Explicit Sexual Content, Masturbation in Shower, Blow Jobs, Rimming, Hair-pulling, a bad at taking care of himself will graham, Greek Mythology References, jack and alana being really transparent, Alternate Universe - Soulmates, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, technically but also not really, Scent Kink
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Hannigram soulmate au
Collections:	Just Fuck Me Up., Wendigo & Stag
Stats:	Published: 2019-05-05 Words: 3,541 Chapters: 1/1

Don't Feed It, It'll Come Back

by orphan_account

Summary

Will really needs to remember not to feed wild beast, they'll always come back for more. And being devoured whole is very easy,

Notes

SO i wanted a part two to You Smell Like Home to me so i wrote it! Second fanfic ever,I think I definately did better, yknow? So yknow please enjoy and comment if you liked it! (Ps, you dont even have to ask if you wanna draw anything based on this)

Edit: sprry for formatting issues, i type the draft in google docs and dont have an editor!

Will Graham would be the first to admit that he was a coward when it came to intimacy. Friends, lovers, anyone who got too close made the space between flesh and skin itch and crawl. Hannibal Lecter had managed to soothe that itch with his pleasant words and calm face, those eyes like a black stagnant pond, Will never knowing how many leeches would be attached to him when he crawled back out of them at the end of their sessions.

So, of course, when he awoke the next morning in the doctor's bed, the doctor nowhere to be found in the house? He picked up his clothes and keys and fled back to the safety of his pack, who whined and licked his hands in worry, tails wagging. He spent a bit in the bath, hot water making him shiver. It was ridiculous, he knew it. But, soulmates? That was a heavy burden, one he definitely wasn't ever prepared for. Will Graham was a man who was content being alone. Or, was. Before Abigail Hobbs.

Before Hannibal Lecter waltzed into his life.

Jack Crawford didn't call him for any crime scene that day, so Will did something that made him feel at peace. He fished. He stood in that wide river that was shallow enough it barely could be considered a river and fished. He could still smell Hannibal on him and as much as he wanted it to disgust him, it didn't. It helped his serene mood, enough that he didn't dare pick up his buzzing phone to check it, worried it'd break the little bubble of peace he'd made.

So, when he got home two hours later, three small trout slung over his shoulder, the scent of Dr. Lecter made him tense, a small thrill shooting up his spine as his instincts roared their delighted heads.
Will put his trout down on the kitchen counter after taking his boots and fishing gear off, slowly tracking his way to his living-room-turned-bedroom, pausing at the neat little letter on the bed. He stuck his nose in the air to take a smell, realizing the smell was about an hour old, from how faded it was. He checked his phone, glancing at the two calls from the good doctor, one an hour ago and another from when he'd first slipped into his bubble of peace.

"Fuck." He murmured to himself, checking his voicemail and frowning when there was none, tucking his phone back in his pocket to sit on the bed and pick the letter up. He traced his fingers over it, and to his slight shame, placed it under his nose to gently sniff. The shiver that shot throughout him making him gasp. It smelled as if the doctor had rubbed it over his scent glands right before putting it there. Will's hands shook as he opened it carefully, breaking the dark red seal and pulling out the letter written in shiny black ink.

'William Atticus Graham, it is considered rude, to most, to leave the morning after having relations with someone without telling them. I understand if I had made you uncomfortable, but I would think we could speak of this like rational adults. I am having a dinner party the 6th of this month, and I do hope you will attend. If not, I will understand.' The note crumpled under Will's sweaty hands, his brows furrowed. He put it on the nightstand carefully, had a quick shower, and climbed in bed despite the growling in his stomach, the dogs curled in a protective ring around his bed, like he was the faery of the circle of fur.

That night, Will Graham dreamed of himself as Persephone. He was in a meadow in the middle of a dense woods, the sunset around him splashing the skies with hues of blood red

and orange, the late evening sun surrounding him in a backlight to make him light up amongst the wildflowers. He smiled at the dryads surrounding him, his tunic a soft, light pink and the laurel around his dark curls threaded with daffodils and white roses.

The earth at the edge of the meadow erupted and Hannibal, dressed in a neat black tunic that stopped mid-knee, a gold shoulder cape, and a laurel of gold leaves and black sapphires threaded around his stern brow stepped up, shaking the dirt off his immaculate clothes. The dark god laid eyes on Will and gave an almost grotesque smile of hunger. He started forward as Will started back, heart hammering in his throat. The dryads that tried to make a wall between Hannibal and Will were rewarded by being cut down with savage neck snaps and torn apart with strong, bare hands. The shiver that shot up the empath's spine wasn't one of disgust, however.

When Will turned on his bare heels to run, it didn't take long to hear the forest foliage crunch under Hannibal's gladiator sandals as well, the good doctor keeping his footsteps light and quick. As if he was hunting rabbits. And in a way, Will felt like one. As he was grabbed at the waist and pulled back against Hannibal's arms, he closed his eyes as Hannibal leaned down to whisper something in his ear, the doctor starting to grow dark, large antlers between his laurel wreath.

"Naughty boy. You cannot escape me."

Will woke with a start, pulling his sweat-soaked shirt up and off himself, throwing it across the room and standing despite the dogs' whining, pacing to the bathroom to wash his face in cold water. Damn, but some of his dreams were strange. At least this one didn't have Marrisa Schur or Garret Jacob Hobbs whispering their filth at him. He pushed away from the sink to start the shower. He peaked out to the clock on his nightstand, humming pleasantly. 6:02 am. At least he'd slept more than three hours. He stepped into the warm spray after shucking his clothes, eyes closed as the spray pounded his tense back. He glanced down and scowled at the insistent morning wood that presented itself to him. He looked around his tiny bathroom with its wood paneling and dark blue tiles and thought about how different it was to Dr. Lecter's more modern designing style. The thought of Hannibal made that insistence below the waist grow until he had to lean against the wall and take himself in hand. It started pretty slow, a casual drag of Will's calloused hand on the sensitive vein on the underside of his cock.

It didn't last long like that, as his memory slipped to the night before spent with Dr. Lecter. His breath caught as he clenched around nothing, remembering the slow, sensual stretch the doctor's cock had brought. He slipped his hand past his balls to gently press against his still slightly loose entrance, eyes closed and head pressed hard against the tile wall. His other hand gripped himself tightly and he started a push and pull rhythm, his fingers going in and his hand stroking up as the pulled out.

It didn't take long for him to paint the shower floor white before it swirled down the drain. He finished washing fast and got out, wrapping a towel around his waist as he made a decision.

The 6th came a week later, and Will felt silly in his personal monkey suit. It wasn't anything too fancy, a pale silver dress shirt with sleeves tucked up to the elbow, a white vest that felt

constrictive around his waist but made his hips stick out pleasantly, a darker grey tie with small silver diamonds on it, grey belt with a shiny black buckle and white pants. He'd cleaned off his black dress shoes and slipped those on, too. He carried another bottle of wine, a nice rośe he'd bought at an upper-class liquor store on his way to the good doctor's house. His hair was a bit more kempt than normal, his hair brushed back away from his face. Hell, he even trimmed up his stubble to be a bit cleaner. Will felt like a dumb teenager waiting for his prom date's dad to open the door, scowl, and judge him for his tacky clothes.

Hannibal Lecter, however, was the gleaming example of satisfaction as he opened the door for him. A small smile made those wrinkles around his eyes peek out, the gleaming of perfectly white teeth made Will swallow, thrusting the bottle into the doctor's hand and walking past him slowly. His head slightly tilted to the side in a gesture that to others would seem like he was looking away due to his issue to looking one in the eye. But to Hannibal, the one man he could hide nothing from, it was a submission. A sample of that delectable scent made the good doctor want to tear his person suit to pieces. But, ever the performer, Hannibal pushed the beast back behind the straining seams and walked past to the kitchen to help the final preparations.

At the dining table sat Jack Crawford, ever presentable in his black business suit. Alana Bloom sat next to him, in a pretty but simple blue sleeveless dress and thin, white jacket. The back of Will's neck started to tighten as he realized he was far too overdressed for the occasion at hand. Well, no more overdressed than Hannibal Lecter ever was.

Speaking of the good doctor, he had been wearing simple white dress pants and a dress shirt when he answered the door for Will. Probably to show his control in the kitchen. The thought made Will snort, which caught the attention of the two at the table. Alana stood and rushed over to smile and lead him to sit. Her pleasant flower scent, which once made him relax a bit, started making him feel sick, deep in the pits of his stomach. It smelled almost artificial, too forced of a floral note.

"I'm surprised you came. You usually don't come to Doctor Lecter's dinners, Will." Jacks booming voice demanded attention, and Will looked up at him, sitting across them both on the left side of the table. Jack's smell was a clear note, the smell of a lightning storm when the ozone tightens the hair of the back of one's neck, of rain and the earth. It wasn't bad but was sour in Will's nose. He rubbed the back of his neck, forcing a small smile.

"Getting a personal invitation makes it ruder to decline, I guess." He spoke quietly, taking a sip of the water provided by a sous chef that Hannibal had hired, the hairs on the back of his neck raised, waiting for for...something. Will didn't know why his body was acting so tense until Hannibal stepped out in his striking red three-piece suit, the material looking as if it was bleeding. Blood rushed in his ears as he swallowed, sweaty hands tightening in his lap. Of course, the doctor looked striking and elegant and of course, he had to change into a three-piece suit to serve dinner. Ridiculous man, his doctor.

He quickly shook his head at the thought, missing the explanation of the dish the doctor laid out, the name something foreign and impossible to pronounce. It was beautiful, though, a candied flower sitting to the side of some perfectly cooked meat, fresh herbs curling around it and a pretty red sauce drizzled sparsingly on it. It made Will's troubled stomach growl loudly,

enough that the conversation stopped a moment, Dr. Lecter's face tightening a moment before he carefully sat and spoke.

"Not eating, Will?" His pleasant tone was almost betrayed by the fact it didn't reach his face, whatever dark emotion swirling in his eyes making Will feel like a naughty child, small and burning with shame. He cleared his throat, glancing up to make eye contact with the doctor. "Got preoccupied today, I guess. Had to go buy a fancier outfit then flannels and good jeans." He spoke quietly, Jack giving a snort through his nose.

"You've got to take better care of yourself, Will. Hannibal, did I tell you about the time I picked him up for a crime scene and he forgot to shower? Smelt like a rotting frest and messed up poor Zeller when he was tryin' to identify a body. Had to have him shower off in the bureau's gym." Jack gave a laugh and started to eat, Alana giving a snort but flashing Will 'We'll talk later' eyes as she tucked in as well. Will winced under Hannibal's minorly judgmental stare, picking up his fork with hands he was proud to say were only minorly shaking.

"You know me, Jack. Burning the 3 am oil gets you distracted." He murmured around the meat that made his mouth water, eyes closing for a moment to enjoy it, Hannibal's voice ringing out clear despite it's softness.

"You must take better care of yourself, William. If not, I could become unbearable with coddling." The baring of teeth was less a smile than a show of dominance, and Will nodded, blissfully saved by Alana.

"I don't remember you being the coddling type, Hannibal. Though, I have to ask, are you and Will...spending more time together? I thought you weren't taking patients?" Alana's question, as innocent as it was, made Will hyper-aware of Jack's curious gaze on him, and his small sniffs his boss was intaking.

"Now that you mention it, you and Will's scents have kinda...mixed. What's with that?" Jack Crawford was nothing if not protective of Will Graham, and it showed in his furrowed brows and slightly stiff posture as he turned to the good doctor, who gently took of his rośe, placing the glass carefully down before responding.

"Well...as you both know, Will is not my usual patient," Will tenses, holds his breath, so sure Hannibal would spill their dirty little secret, be forced under that spotlight and it made him sweat through the tank top he wore under his shirt, oh god what would they think- "I take special authority over his care, so, I let him do private meeting with me at my home. I apologize for not informing you both." Will glanced up at Hannibal as the doctor squeezed his knee under the table, his eyes on the other two's faces. Thank God for his Hades, Will thought as he devoured the candied flower on his otherwise clean plate.

The rest of the dinner party went by without issue, Jack leaving first to go back home to Bella. Hannibal had even gone so far as to wrap up a plate for her, waving goodbye to him. Alana left after another glass of wine, and the two beasts were alone to face each other.

Hannibal took Will's face in between gentle hands and pressed soft kisses to his temples. Will sagged into it, gently gripping the front of Hannibal's suit jacket. His throat felt tight and he

swallowed, squeezing his eyes shut.

I'm...sorry for leaving. I don't...do very well in relationships. I feel like a butterfly pinned to the board in them, ready to be pulled apart for examination. Besides, I never really...subscribed to the whole soulmate thing. Never expected to…" He cleared his throat and opened his eyes, meeting Dr. Lecter's with a soft exhale at the soft devotion he found there.

"It is understandable to be overwhelmed in this situation. To be truthful, I never truly believed I would find you, either. Come." Dr. Lecter leads him up the staircase and into the familiar bedroom, sitting Will on the bed and kneeling between his open legs, making Will blush down to his chest.

"I...confess, Dr. Lecter," The unzipping of his new dress pants made him swallow and lean back on his elbows, hand moving to the doctor's hair to thread his fingers through that insufferably perfect fringe, "I've had the same dream every day since you gave me the invitation to this party."

Hannibal gave a hum, mouthing Will through his briefs, suckling against his length before popping off, hands gripping Will's thighs possessively. "Oh? What would this dream contain, Will?" He asked, accent thick as he pulled out the empath's cock, licking a hot stripe up the underside. Will cursed and took a deep breath.

"That...That you were Hades, I was Persephone. You chased me down, and eventually caught me. But…" Will gave a deep groan as the doctor grazed his teeth along the sensitive head, his back arching.

Hannibal held his hips down with strong hands, smiling dangerously. "Did you enjoy me catching you, Will? My perfect boy, you're perfect for me." The praise made Will whined and he pulled on the doctor's head as he finally, finally took him into his mouth. Will fell against the bedspread, spread legs lifted onto the doctor's shoulders after the beast pulled his pants up and off of him.

Will tipped his head back, the scent of him surrounding the doctor like a comforting blanket, soothing the raging beast that screamed for Hannibal to rush and devour him, to bite flesh and tear, to consume. Instead, he moved his face down to pressed the flat of his tongue against his fluttering hole, lapping there to draw those beautiful moans out from his perfect, perfect boy. It shot straight to the doctor's cock, and he sat up to hurriedly strip himself of his suit jacket and vest, watching Will lay there and pant, the empath going to sit up and strip too, except the doctor pushed him back down, stripping the tie off himself with one hand.

"Unfortunately, Will, I do not see you dressed this well as much as I would like to. So excuse my rudeness in having you stay so dressed." He spoke calmly, yanking off his own belt and pull out his cock before laying back on his stomach, shifting Will's legs on his shoulders again to press his widened tongue inside of Will's loosened hole, drinking in the low, sultry moan that tore itself from Will's throat.

The doctor took his sweet time exploring inside the empath and effectively fucking him with his tongue, enjoying the musky taste. He pointed it and probed, stroking along Will's inner

walls as a hand reached up around a muscular thigh to stroke the empath's cock slowly.

By the time he'd found Will's prostate, the younger man was tugging the doctor's hairs, soft pleas tearing from him, thighs trembling. The doctor only tortured him a moment more before pulling up, grabbing the lube from his bedside table, slicking himself up and looking down at his debauched teacher. He gave a small smile, reaching down to smear a glob of thick lube on his hole.

"That's cold!" Will yelped and gave a firm kick to the doctor's torso, which made him pause and take a breath. He grabbed Will's legs under the knees and slammed inside, Will crying out and arching up, hands digging into the doctor's muscular back hard enough it stung.

"William, kicking is rude. You don't want to be rude...do you, pretty boy?" The doctor purred and gave a slow roll of his hips, a tight heat in his chest at how loose Will had kept himself through the week, giving him a pretty smile and letting go of one leg to tighten a grip through poor Will's hair, baring his neck to him with a growl. The bite he gave made Will hiss and drag his nails down, in turn making the doctor thrust harder. It was an endless cycle of pain and pleasure that seemed common with the two dangerous men.

Hannibal angled just right and hit that wonderful bundle of nerves, making Will grunt and start thrusting back as best he could, being crushed into the bed as he was. They met each other in a messy kiss, Will skating his tongue over Hannibal's tongue and tasting his own blood from the bite. That was enough to send him over the edge, clamping around Hannibal like a vice, the new vest he'd just bought already ruined, a small bitof cum catching in his scruff.

Hannibal growled and licked it off his chin, pumping a few more times before hanging his head, forearms trembling as he flooded the other's inside with his cum. Both sat panting for a moment before Will gave a small hum, shifting.

"Uh...Hannibal? I have a cramp." He called quietly, Hannibal snapping his head up and carefully letting his leg down, massaging it before pulling out to lay next to Will, both breathing steady and even.

"...Hey Hannibal? If it's alright with you...Could we keep this secret a bit longer?" Will asked quietly, eyes closed.

Hannibal gave a smile, eyes closed as well. "Of course. Although, I think to make these sexual encounters a habit might help with the anxieties the separation might cause. So, I must insist on you coming here once a week to have dinner with me."

It was quiet while Will thought, but then Hannibal felt their fingers thread together.

"I'd love to. Now, Let's go shower. I'm sticky."

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